

CRIME

**THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!**

SMASHERS

SEPT. No. 6 10¢

GIMME
THAT BAG,
BABE!

THAT CROOK DOESN'T KNOW
THAT SHE'S A "PLANT" AND THE
BAG IS FULL OF WORTHLESS PAPER,
HE WALKED RIGHT
INTO OUR TRAP!



featuring:

**SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE**

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DAN TURNER

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

"DIVE TO DEATH"

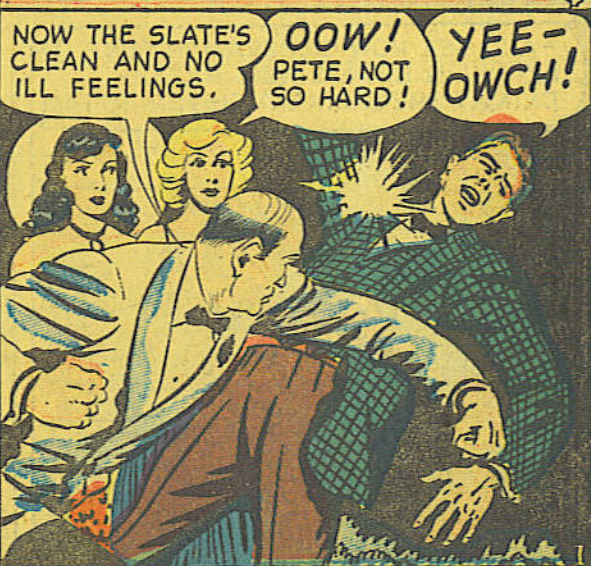
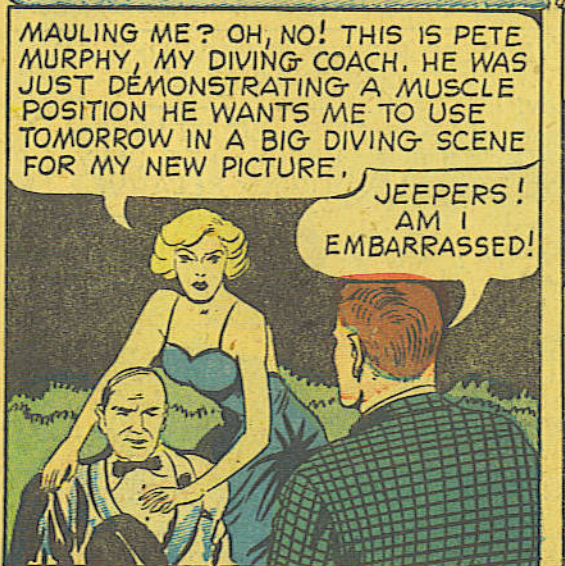
by Robert Leslie Bellem

LEAVING A NIGHT SPOT, DAN TURNER SEES GLORY WAYNE, FORMER OLYMPIC DIVING CHAMPION, WHO IS NOW A BIG STAR IN ACME PICTURES, SEEMINGLY STRUGGLING WITH AN ASSAILANT...



THE GIRL VEHEMENTLY DEFENDS HER FALLEN "ATTACKER"...

THEN MURPHY SPRINGS UP AND LANDS A FIST ON TURNER'S JAW...



TO PROVE I'M NOT SORE, I'LL INVITE YOU TO THE ACME LOT TOMORROW. THIS IS MY GIRL FRIEND, SONYA SLOANE, I'LL EVEN LET YOU ESCORT HER THERE.

OKAY, CHUM, NO HARD FEELINGS. IT'S A DEAL.



NEXT DAY, TURNER TAKES SONYA THROUGH THE APEX MAIN GATES...

PETE MURPHY AND I ARE A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT GLORY'S DIVING TODAY, HER TIMING MAY BE OFF BECAUSE OF HER NERVES. SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SENDING HER THREATS AGAINST HER LIFE.

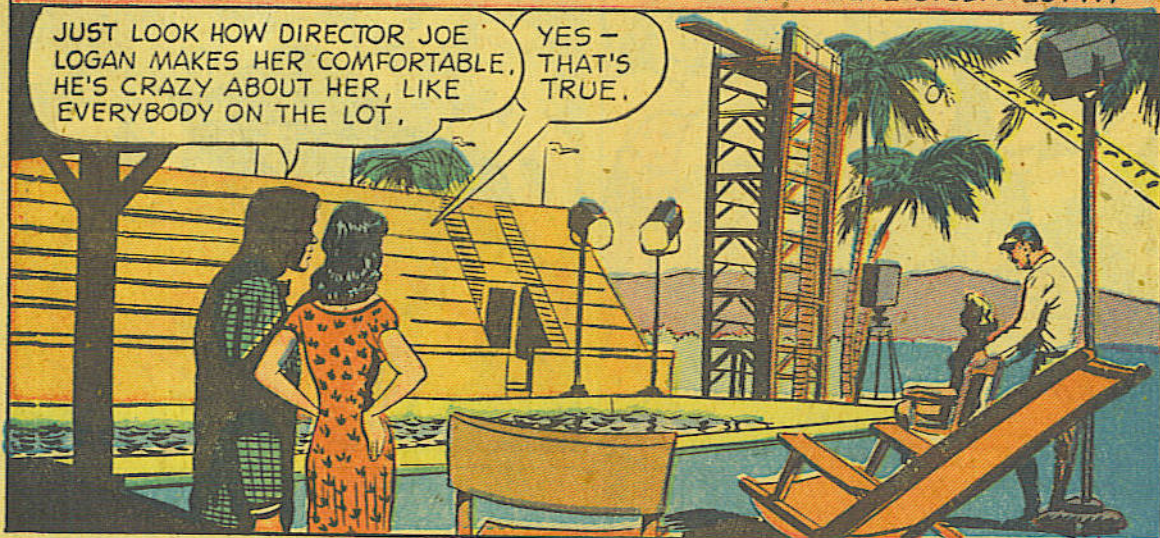
BUT SHE HASN'T AN ENEMY IN THE GALLOPING SNAPSHOTS.



THEY REACH THE VAST OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL ON THE ACME STUDIO LOT...

JUST LOOK HOW DIRECTOR JOE LOGAN MAKES HER COMFORTABLE. HE'S CRAZY ABOUT HER, LIKE EVERYBODY ON THE LOT.

YES - THAT'S TRUE.



-AND SEE HOW CAMERAMAN MIKE FRANKLIN BRINGS HER A COOL DRINK. SHE'S LIKE A SISTER TO HIM

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT-



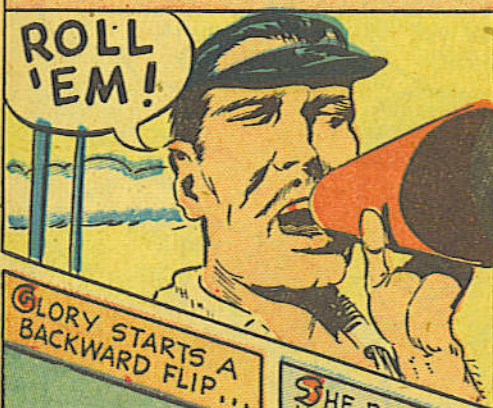
EVEN PETE MURPHY IS MORE LIKE A FATHER TO HER THAN A MERE DIVING COACH.

YES - BUT HE **IS** HER UNCLE - HER ONLY LIVING RELATIVE.



WHEN THE GRANDSTAND IS FILLED WITH EXTRAS, DIRECTOR LOGAN CALLS FOR A TAKE OF GLORY'S DIVE...

ROLL 'EM!



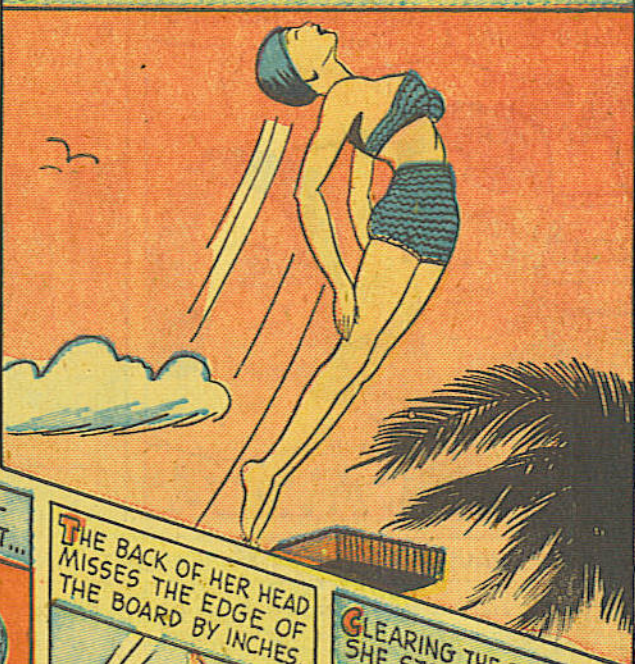
GLORY STARTS A BACKWARD FLIP...



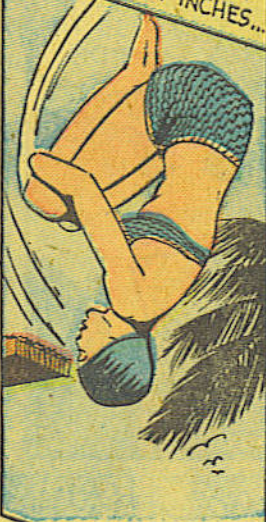
SHE DOES A REVERSE SOMERSAULT...



GLORY WAYNE STARTS A "FULL GAYNOR"...



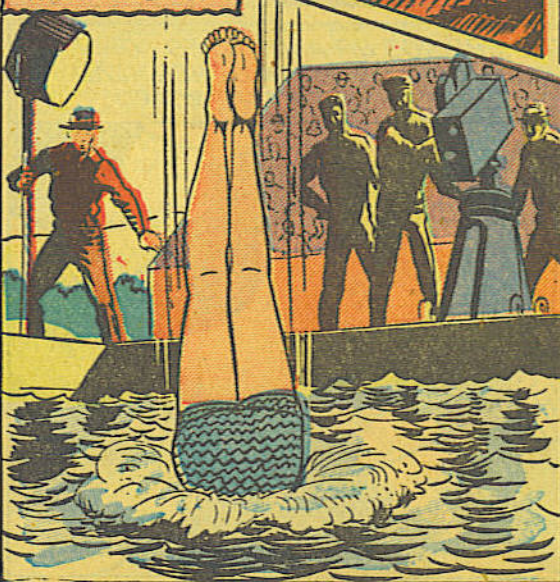
THE BACK OF HER HEAD MISSES THE EDGE OF THE BOARD BY INCHES...



CLEARING THE BOARD, SHE STRAIGHTENS OUT...



AND PLUNGES CLEANLY INTO THE POOL...



GAMERAMAN FRANKLIN MAKES A RUEFUL ANNOUNCEMENT...

WATER SPLASHED INTO MY LENS—WE'LL HAVE TO DO A RETAKE.



SAY-THAT
DIVE IS
DANGEROUS!

YES, I HOPE NOTHING
GOES WRONG THIS
TIME.



GLORY AND LOGAN SPRING A SURPRISE...

FOLKS, GLORY AND
I HAVE NEWS FOR
YOU. TODAY WE
TOOK THE BIG
DIVE.

YES, JOE AND I WERE
SECRETLY MARRIED
EARLY THIS
MORNING.



GLAD TO HAVE
YOU AS A
NEPHEW-IN-
LAW, JOE.

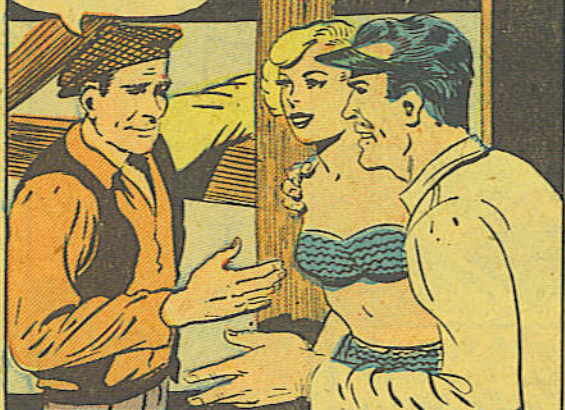
I HOPE
YOU'LL BOTH
BE HAPPY.

TONIGHT
WE'LL
CELEBRATE.
I CRAVE
TO KISS THE
BRIDE.



CONGRATS, KIDS.
I ALREADY
HEARD THE
NEWS ON THE
GRAPEVINE.

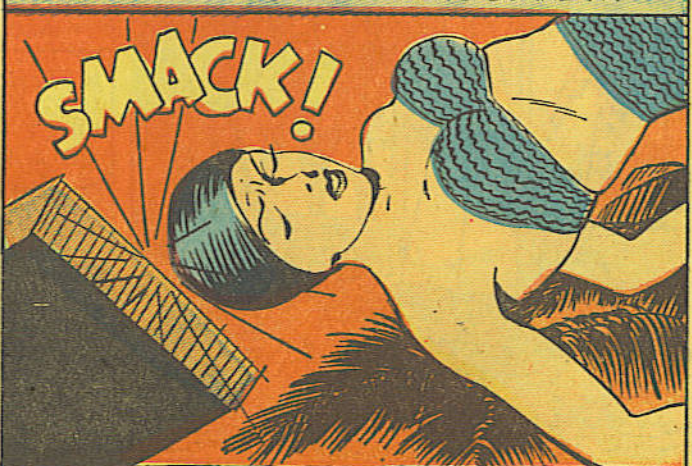
THANKS, MIKE.
NOW WE'D BETTER
GO BACK TO WORK.



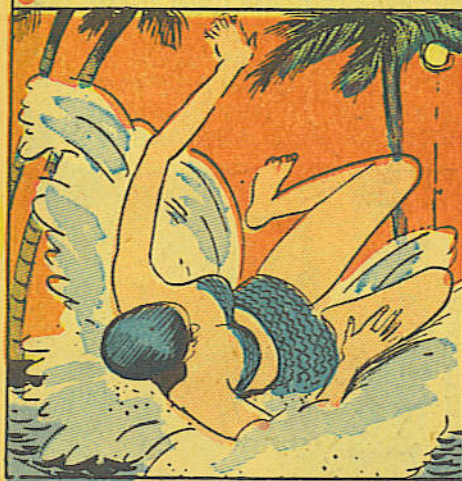
AGAIN GLORY POISES TO DIVE...



BUT AS SHE SPRINGS UP AND COMES DOWN
IN A REVERSE FLIP, THE BACK OF HER HEAD
STRIKES THE EDGE OF THE DIVING BOARD...



GLORY HITS THE WATER LIMPLY...



PETE MURPHY PULLS A GRANDSTAND PLAY...

CUT! CUT!
GOOD HEAVENS,
DO SOMETHING
FOR HER!

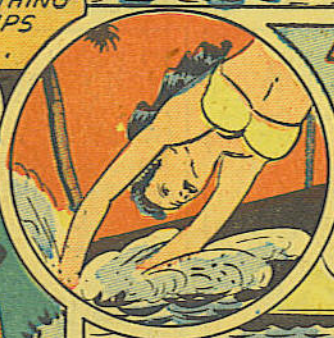
SHE'S HURT! SHE MIGHT
DROWN! I'LL SAVE HER!



SONYA, WHO IS WEARING A BATHING
SUIT BENEATH HER DRESS, RIPS
OFF THE OUTER GARMENT...

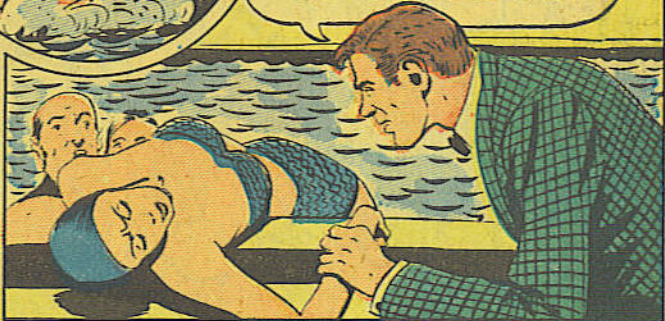
DON'T LET
MY BRIDE
D-DIE!

I'LL HELP
RESCUE HER!



BUT WHEN PETE AND
SONYA HAUL GLORY
OUT OF THE POOL...

THE DOLL IS DEFUNCT.
NOT BY DROWNING, BUT
FROM A BUSTED NECK
WHERE SHE HIT HERSELF
AGAINST THE BOARD,



GAMERAMAN FRANKLIN ACCUSES...

MAYBE THE BOARD ONLY STUNNED
HER AND YOU BROKE HER NECK UNDER
WATER BECAUSE YOU WERE IN LOVE
WITH JOE LOGAN AND SHE TOOK HIM
AWAY FROM YOU!

WHY, OF ALL
THE ABSURD--!



LOGAN ALSO HAS HIS SAY...

OR MAYBE **YOU** KILLED HER! SHE
WAS WEALTHY - AND AS HER UNCLE
YOU'D INHERIT
HER DOUGH!

WHY, YOU
DIRTY, IDIOTIC--!



TO BREAK UP THE HASSLE,
TURNER TRIGGERS THREE
SHOTS INTO THE WATER...

QUIET,
ALL OF
YOU!



WHAT MAKES
YOU FOLKS SO
SURE IT WAS
KILLERY
AND NOT AN
ACCIDENT?

EVERYBODY
KNOWS GLORY
HAD BEEN
GETTING
ANONYMOUS
THREATS.

ACCIDENT, MY
ADENOIDS! SHE
WAS SUCH A
GOOD DIVER, SHE
NEVER MADE
MISTAKES!



I'LL BUY THAT, BUT
SOMEBODY MADE
A MISTAKE.

MEANING
WHAT?



TO BEGIN WITH, I
DIDN'T NOTICE
ANY WATER
SPLASHING AT
THIS CAMERA
ON THE FIRST
TAKE.

GET AWAY FROM
THAT. DON'T YOU
DARE TOUCH IT,
YOU'RE NON-UNION!



NUTS. I CRAVE A RUSH PRINT OF
THE FIRST TAKE. IF IT WASN'T
WATER-SPLASHED, THE SECOND
TAKE WAS UNNECESSARY.

I'M
WARNING
YOU -



YOU'RE SCARED I'LL PROVE YOU
SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED FOR A
SECOND TAKE.

WHY, YOU - ER -



OR MAYBE YOU'RE AFRAID I'LL SEE HOW THE DIVING BOARD SLID SIX INCHES OUTWARD DURING THE SECOND TAKE - WHEN YOU WORKED THIS PULL-WIRE GIMMICK.

CURSE YOU, SNOOP!

WHEN TURNER PULLS THE CONCEALED PIANO WIRE, THE HIGH DIVING BOARD EXTENDS OUTWARD SIX EXTRA INCHES...

THOSE EXTRA INCHES MADE GLORY MISCALCULATE THE SPACE IN HER SECOND DIVE. SHE BUSTED HER NECK AND WAS DEAD WHEN SHE HIT THE WATER.

YOU LOUSY SHAMUS! HOW DID YOU GUESS?

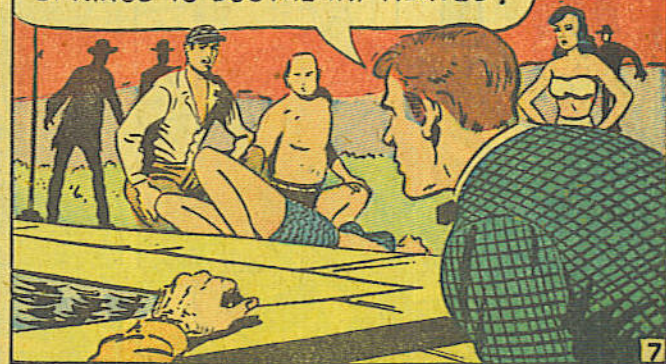
YOU WERE INFATUATED WITH GLORY BUT SHE MARRIED LOGAN. JEALOUSY DROVE YOU OFF YOUR CHUMP, SO YOU RIGGED A KILL CAPER.

YOU WON'T SEND ME TO THE GAS CHAMBER!

FRANKLIN MISSES HIS FOOTING, FALLS BACKWARD INTO THE POOL, HITS HIS SKULL ON THE EDGE...

WOW! I BET THAT SPLIT HIS STEEPLE WIDE OPEN!

YEAH, FOLKS, HE'S CROAKED. THIS IS ONE TIME POETIC JUSTICE CAUGHT UP WITH A MURDERER. NOW SOMEBODY PHONE DAVE DONALDSON OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD - AND I THINK I'LL GO ON A VACATION AT PALM SPRINGS TO SOOTHE MY NERVES!

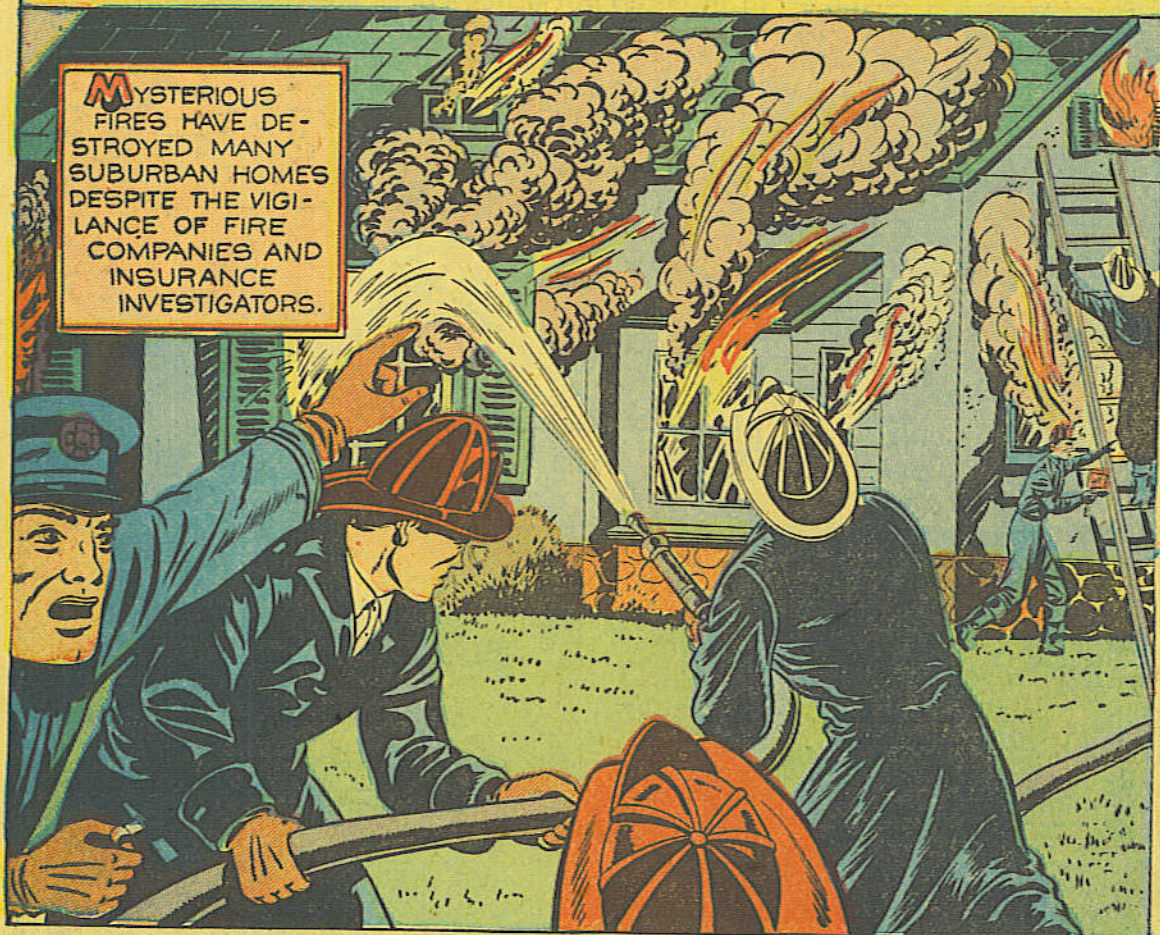


WATCH FOR DAN TURNER'S NEW CASE NEXT ISSUE...

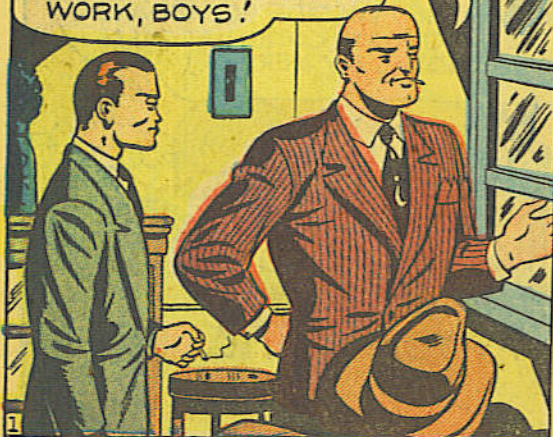
"SALLY the SLEUTH"

• PERIL IN THE FLAMES •

MYSTERIOUS FIRES HAVE DESTROYED MANY SUBURBAN HOMES DESPITE THE VIGILANCE OF FIRE COMPANIES AND INSURANCE INVESTIGATORS.

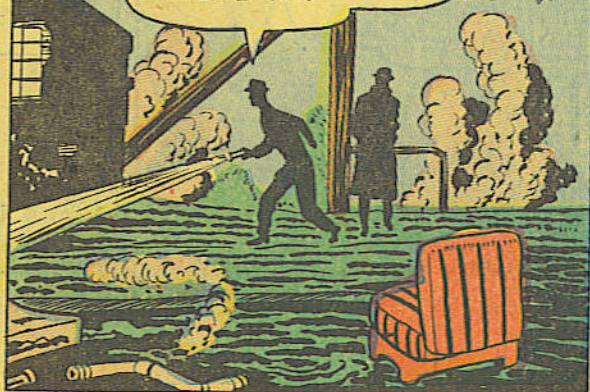


IN A NEARBY HOUSE, THREE MEN WATCH.
\$25,000 INSURANCE ON THAT DUMP.
HALF FOR US, AND HALF FOR THE
OWNER, A NICE NIGHT'S
WORK, BOYS!



INSURANCE INVESTIGATORS LATER GO
THROUGH THE HOUSE ---

THIS PLACE WAS SET ON FIRE
PURPOSELY, ALL RIGHT, BUT
HOW ARE WE GOING TO
PROVE IT?



LATER, AN INSURANCE EXECUTIVE TALKS TO THE CHIEF AND SALLY---

THESE FIRE-BUGS SEEM TO KNOW ALL OF OUR OWN INSPECTORS. PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US!

I THINK I KNOW HOW TO GET THE EVIDENCE ON THAT ARSON GANG!



THE CHIEF HAS A SOUND EQUIPMENT COMPANY WIRE EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE TO A DICTOGRAPH IN THE CELLAR---

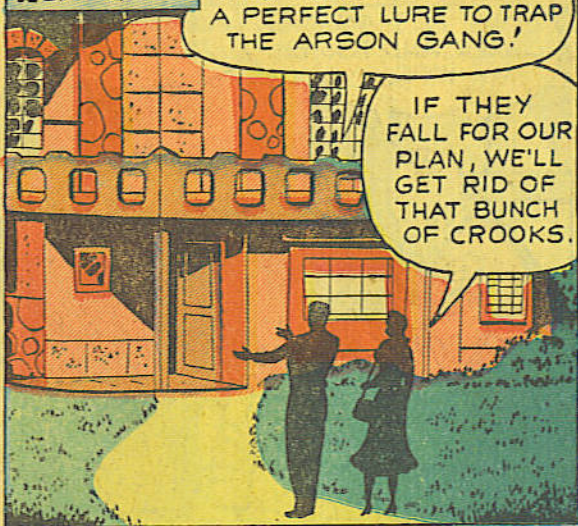
EVERY WORD SPOKEN IN THIS HOUSE WILL BE RECORDED! NOW TO BAIT THE TRAP!



NEXT DAY---

THIS PLACE WILL MAKE A PERFECT LURE TO TRAP THE ARSON GANG!

IF THEY FALL FOR OUR PLAN, WE'LL GET RID OF THAT BUNCH OF CROOKS.



AT THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS ...

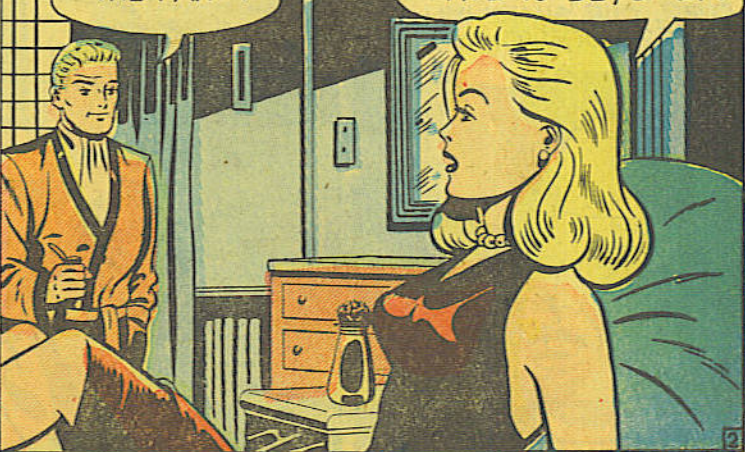
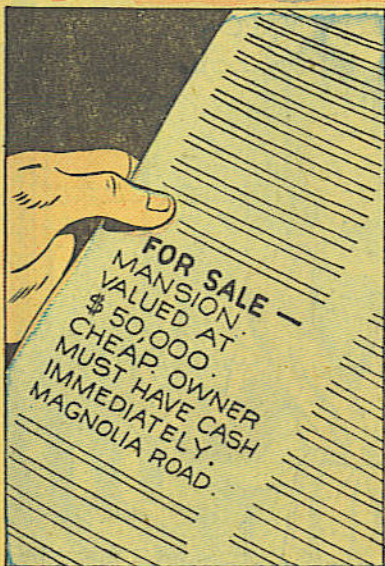
HERE IS ANOTHER PROSPECT, BOYS! READ THIS AD!

GOOD! IT'S TIME TO START ANOTHER JOB!



WELL, SALLY I'M MR. COLWELL AND YOU'RE THE MISSUS. THINK YOU CAN ACT THE PART?

YOU KNOW I'M A PRETTY GOOD ACTRESS WHEN I HAVE TO BE, CHIEF.



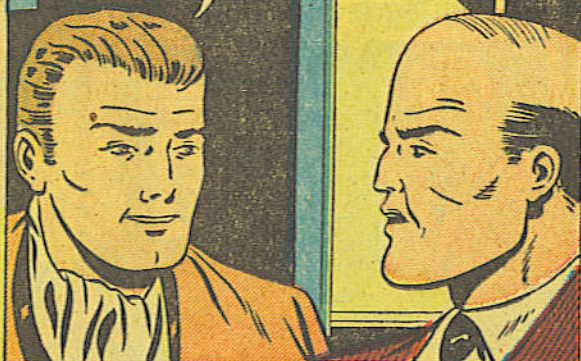
SOON THEY HAVE VISITORS...

COME IN. I AM THE OWNER, AND THIS IS MY WIFE!

PLEASED TO MEETCHA!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, GENTLEMEN. I'VE HAD REVERSES IN THE STOCK MARKET AND I'LL SELL FOR ANY REASONABLE OFFER!

WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!



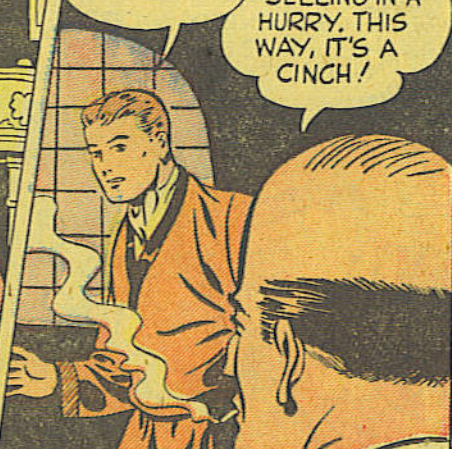
HOW MUCH FIRE INSURANCE YOU GOT ON THE PLACE?

\$40,000, BUT WHAT..

SUPPOSE THIS PLACE BURNED TO THE GROUND AND YOU COLLECTED THE DOUGH?

OH, I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT!

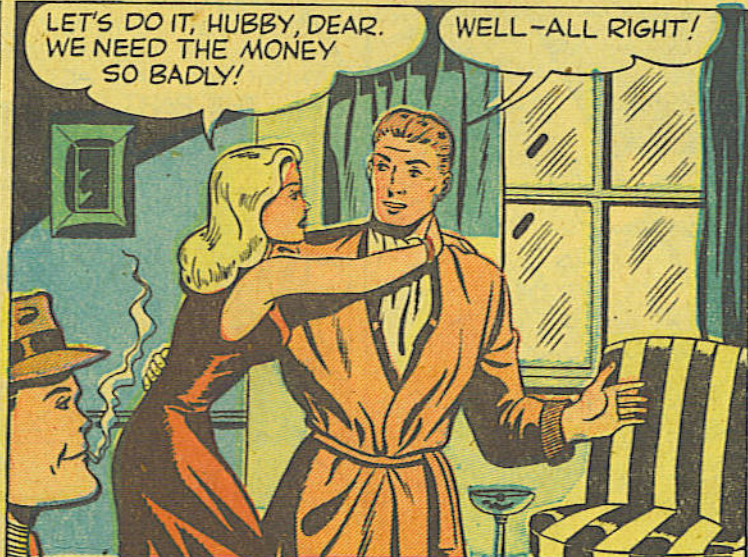
YOU CAN'T GET MUCH MONEY SELLING IN A HURRY. THIS WAY, IT'S A CINCH!



YOU LEAVE TOWN THIS AFTERNOON. WE'LL FIRE THE PLACE TONIGHT. WHEN YOU COME BACK IT'LL BE ALL OVER. OUR SHARE WILL BE \$20,000. OKAY?

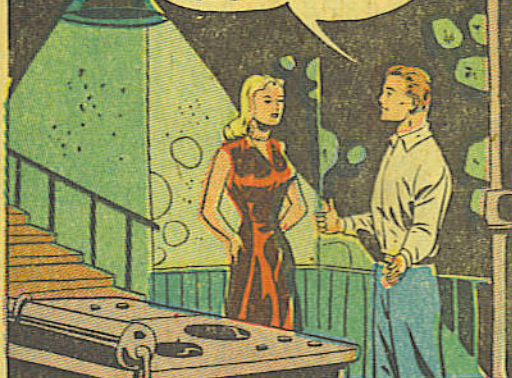
LET'S DO IT, HUBBY, DEAR. WE NEED THE MONEY SO BADLY!

WELL-ALL RIGHT!



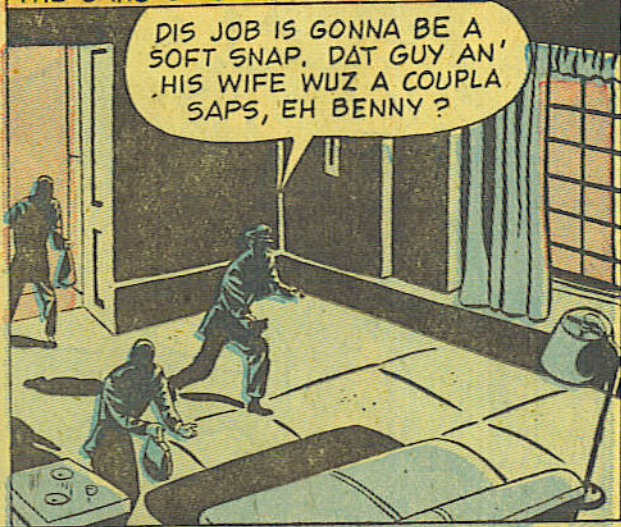
THAT NIGHT, BEFORE THE ARSONISTS ARRIVE...

THERE'S PLENTY OF EVIDENCE ON THE DICTOGRAPH MACHINE. NOW TO CATCH THEM RED-HANDED AT THE ACTUAL JOB.



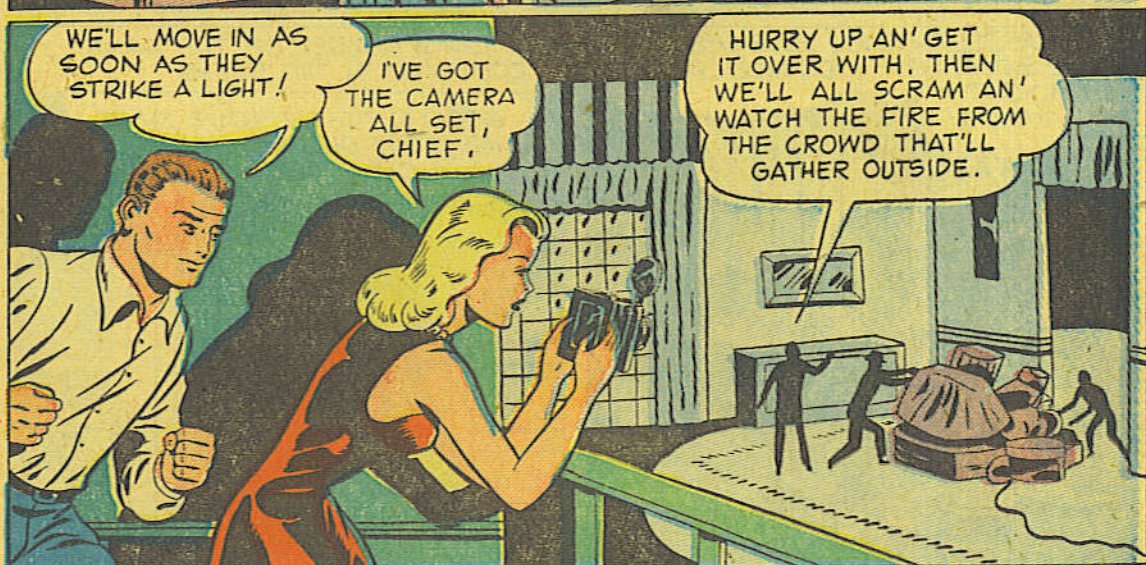
THE GANG OF CRIMINALS ENTER...

DIS JOB IS GONNA BE A SOFT SNAP, DAT GUY AN' HIS WIFE WUZ A COUPLA SAPS, EH BENNY?



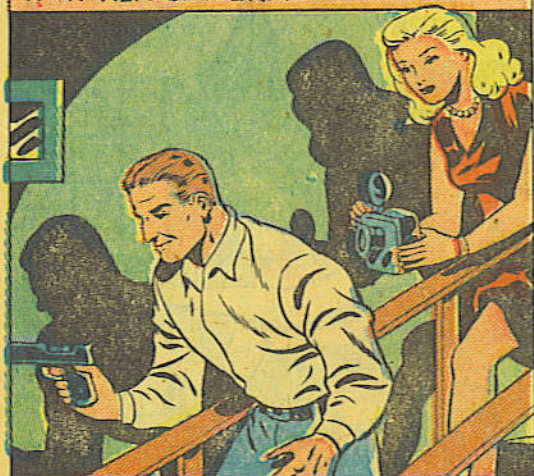
WE'LL MOVE IN AS SOON AS THEY STRIKE A LIGHT!

I'VE GOT THE CAMERA ALL SET, CHIEF.



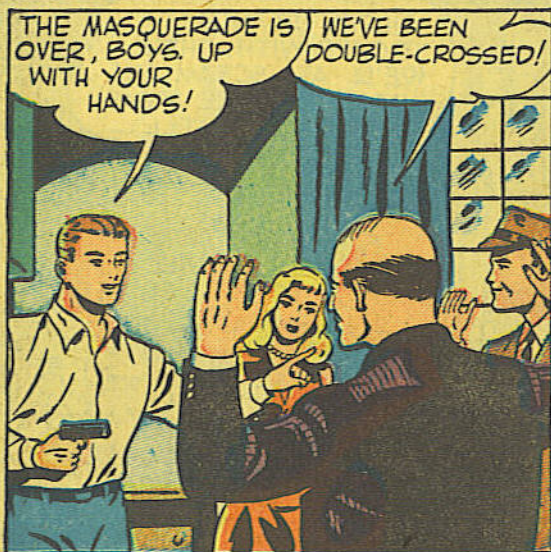
HURRY UP AN' GET IT OVER WITH, THEN WE'LL ALL SCRAM AN' WATCH THE FIRE FROM THE CROWD THAT'LL GATHER OUTSIDE.

THE CHIEF DRAWS HIS GUN AND STARTS DOWN THE STAIRS, FOLLOWED BY SALLY WITH HER CAMERA...



I'LL LIGHT THE FUSE AND WHEN IT REACHES THE MAIN PILE--PUFF! AND THE HOUSE GOES UP LIKE A LIGHT!







THE CHIEF FINALLY BREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR...

SAY, IT LOOKS BAD OUT HERE!



THEY FIND THE STAIRS A RAGING INFERNO!...

WE CAN'T GET DOWN HERE!



THEY TRY THE ATTIC...

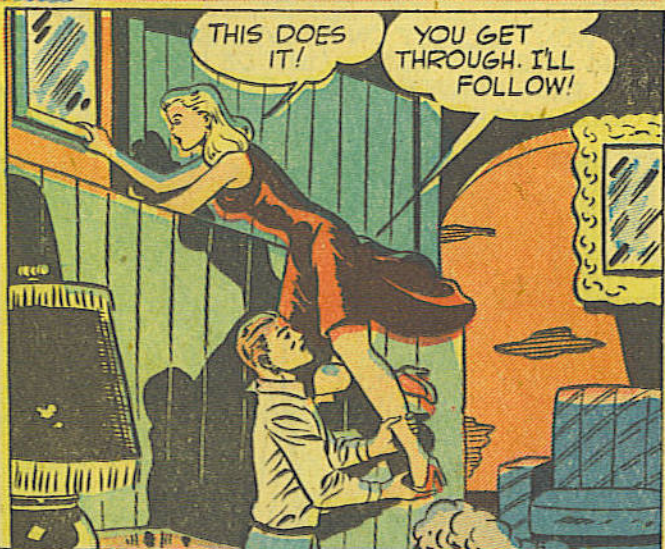
THAT LITTLE WINDOW IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!

BOOST ME UP, AND I'LL OPEN IT.



THIS DOES IT!

YOU GET THROUGH, I'LL FOLLOW!



SALLY GETS OUT, AND THE CHIEF PILES UP OLD FURNITURE TO MAKE HIS OWN ESCAPE...



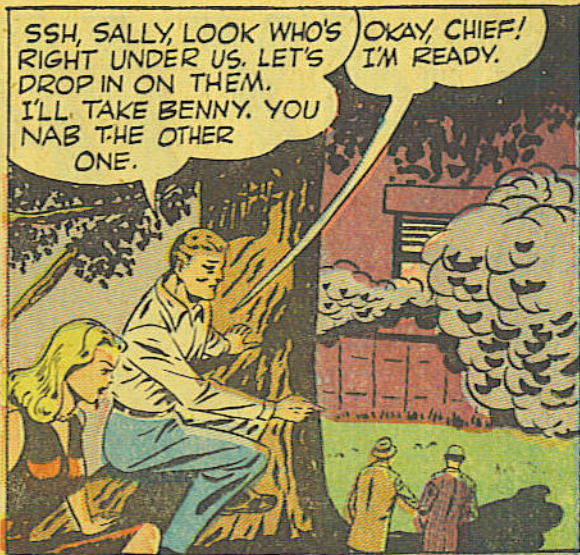
THE CHIEF AND SALLY CRAWL UPON THE SHADED BOUGHS OF A LARGE OVERHANGING TREE...





WE'D BETTER SCRAM, BOSS!

AW, WE'RE SAFE HERE. NOBODY'LL SPOT US IN THIS CROWD.



SSH, SALLY, LOOK WHO'S RIGHT UNDER US. LET'S DROP IN ON THEM. I'LL TAKE BENNY. YOU NAB THE OTHER ONE.

OKAY, CHIEF! I'M READY.



OOF!

UG!

WHAM!



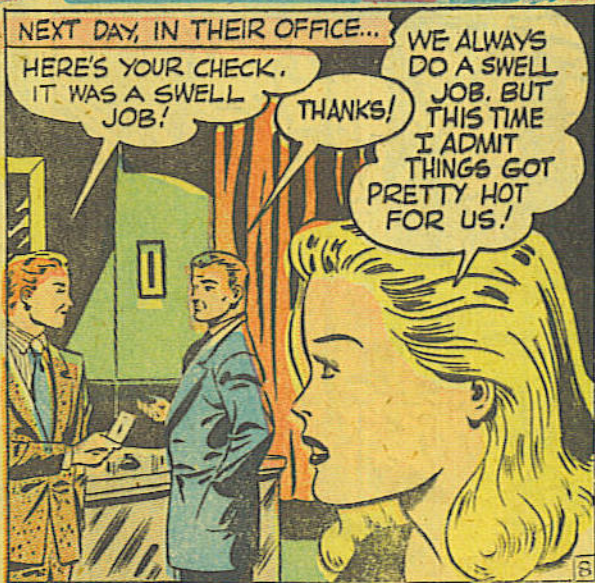
HEY! WHAT'S UP, HERE?

GIVE A HAND, OFFICER! THESE ARE THE LEADERS OF THE MOB THAT SET THE FIRE. WE'LL GET THE REST LATER!



OH, YES. I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE A PRIVATE EYE. I'LL TAKE THESE TWO IN!

GOOD WORK! ARSONISTS LIKE THEM COST THE LIVES OF MANY FIREMEN EACH YEAR, WE'RE GRATEFUL TO YOU!



NEXT DAY, IN THEIR OFFICE...

HERE'S YOUR CHECK. IT WAS A SWELL JOB!

WE ALWAYS DO A SWELL JOB. BUT THIS TIME I ADMIT THINGS GOT PRETTY HOT FOR US!

THANKS!

RAY HALE

NEWS
ACE

in "The MYSTERIOUS TIP-OFF!"

by NEWT ALFRED

AFTER WITNESSING A CRIMINAL TRIAL, WHICH HE DID TO EXTEND HIS KNOWLEDGE, HALE, A BRILLIANT YOUNG NEWSPAPERMAN, LEAVES THE COUNTY COURT HOUSE...

GOSH, IT'S GOOD TO GET OUT OF THAT STUFFY COURTROOM! WEATHER'S NICE... I THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK UPTOWN...



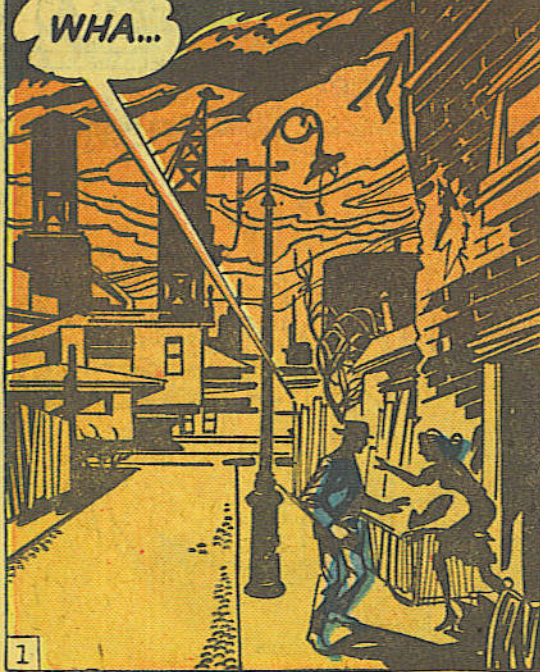
HALE'S ROUTE LEADS THROUGH A POOR SECTION AS NIGHT FALLS...

DEPRESSING NEIGHBORHOOD AROUND HERE... LOTS OF CRIME IN A PLACE LIKE THIS...



GOING THROUGH A DESERTED STREET, HALE IS STARTLED BY A GIRL WHO STAGGERS FROM A GLOOMY DOORWAY...

WHA...



HE STEPS BACK TO AVOID HER...

POOR DAME... SHE'S PROBABLY DRUNK...



SHE COLLAPSES, MURMURING A WORD...

HEY! HOLD
ON THERE!

T-TRAP...



AS SHE FALLS TO THE PAVEMENT,
HALE HAS A HORRIBLE SURPRISE...

JUMPING JEEPERS!
SHE'S BEEN STABBED
IN THE BACK. SHE'S
DEAD!



HALE RUNS TO THE
DOORWAY OF THE HOUSE...

HER KILLER MUST
BE SOMEWHERE
IN HERE...



... HE EMERGES INTO
THE BACK YARD...

NOT A SOUL AROUND.
AND NOT A SOUND...



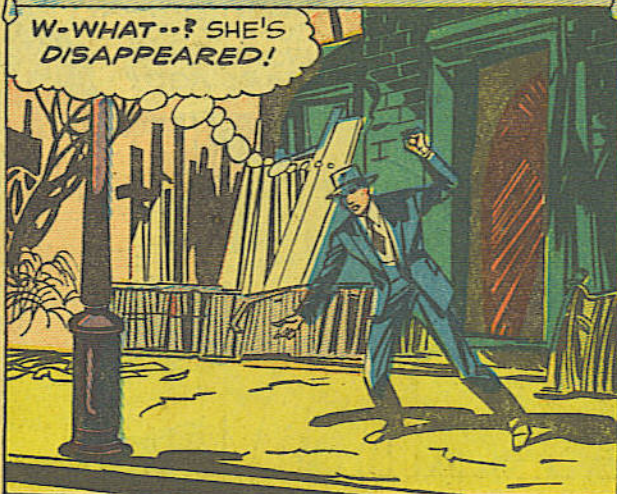
... THEN HE GOES BACK
TO THE STREET.

I'D BETTER GET BACK
OUT THERE AND REPORT
THIS TO THE POLICE...



BUT WHEN HE REACHES THE STREET IN
FRONT OF THE HOUSE, THE BODY IS GONE!

W-WHAT--? SHE'S
DISAPPEARED!



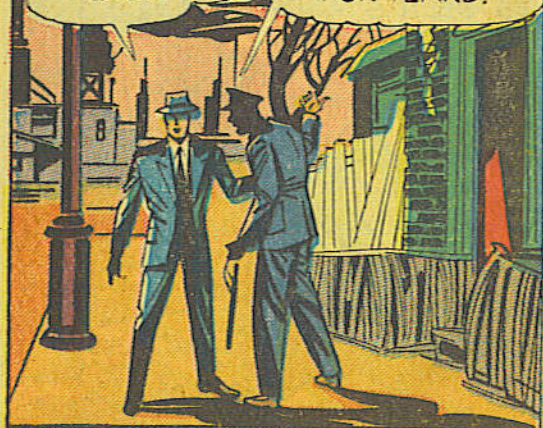
HALE SEES THE WELCOME SIGHT OF
A COP ROUNDING THE CORNER...

HEY...
OFFICER!



BUT I TELL YOU...
THE GIRL WAS
STABBED...HER
BODY WAS RIGHT
HERE...

YE MUST BE OFF
YER NUT, YOUNG
FELLA. THIS DUMP
HAS BEEN VACANT
FOR YEARS!



HALE, PUZZLED, HAS A TALK WITH
SERGEANT POOLE, OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD...

...WELL, THAT'S THE
STORY, SERGEANT. IF
A CRIME HAS BEEN
COMMITTED, YOU
OUGHT TO KNOW.

WELL, I TELL
YOU, HALE,
I KNOW THAT
HOUSE AT 313
OAK STREET VERY
WELL. LET ME
SHOW YOU
SOMETHING...



THE SERGEANT GOES TO A
NEARBY FILE CABINET...



TAKE A LOOK AT
THIS PHOTOGRAPH.



THAT'S THE GIRL!
THE ONE I
SAW TONIGHT!!

THIS IS A PICTURE OF
ROSE BLAINE. SHE
DIED OF A STAB WOUND
IN FRONT OF THAT
HOUSE IN 1933...
**EIGHTEEN
YEARS AGO!!**



SHE WAS THE MOLL OF BUD HANLON, A BANK ROBBER. THE GANG HID OUT IN THE CELLAR OF THAT HOUSE AFTER HOLDING UP THE MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY...

HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO STAY IN THIS RATHOLE? I'M SICK OF IT!

AW, SHUT UP!

"THEY TREATED THE GIRL PRETTY ROUGHLY, AND SHE FINALLY GOT FED UP WITH IT ALL..."

GIT OUTTA MY WAY, YA DIZZY BROAD!

OW!

SHE REBELLED AND THREATENED TO SQUEAL, SO THEY STABBED HER...

YOU LOUSE! I'LL GET OUTTA HERE! I'LL GO TO THE COPS AND TELL...

AAA-AGG!!

OH, YEAH? YOU AIN'T DOIN' NO TALKIN' FROM NOW ON!

"SHE STAGGERED THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR TO THE STREET AND DIED ON THE SIDEWALK..."

"NOT LONG AFTER THAT THE THREE ROBBERS WERE CAUGHT, BUT NO SIGN OF THE MONEY..."



THE TWO MINOR HOODLUMS DIED IN PRISON, BUT HANLON GOT OUT ON PAROLE ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO. THEY COULDN'T PIN THE GIRL'S KILLING ON HIM!



HANLON, MYSTIFIED BY THE PECULIAR EVENTS, RETURNS TO THE HOUSE...

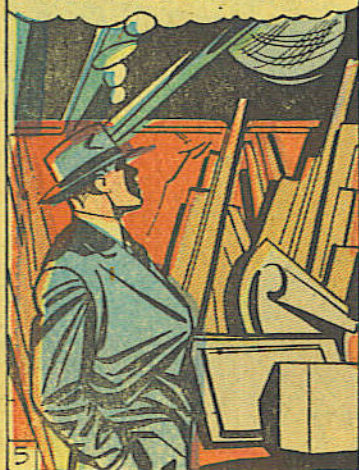
I WON'T REST UNTIL I LOOK THIS WHOLE PLACE OVER...



I WANT TO TAKE A SQUINT AT THE CELLAR WHERE THAT GANG HID OUT...



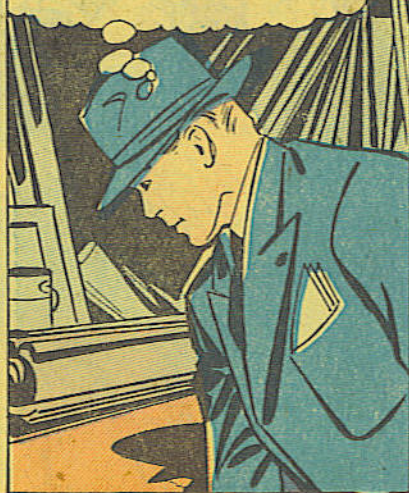
SURELY LOOKS ABANDONED. LOTS OF DUST AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...



DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE WALL BRICKS HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH! YET THEY MUST HAVE CACHED THE MONEY SOMEWHERE...

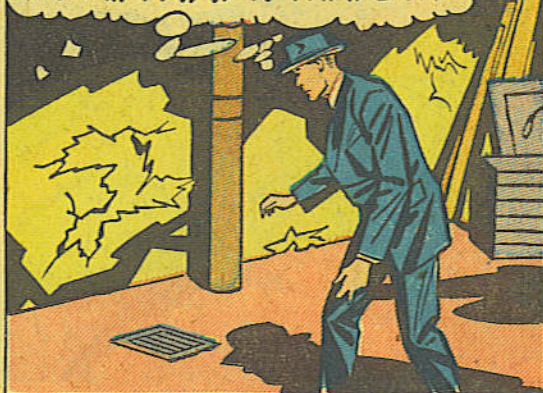


THIS CEMENT FLOOR LOOKS PRETTY SOLID...



HALE'S GAZE RESTS ON A SMALL
IRON GRATING IN THE FLOOR...

THAT TRAP IS TO LET OUT
WATER THAT MIGHT ACCUMULATE...
TRAP... TRAP!! THAT'S IT!



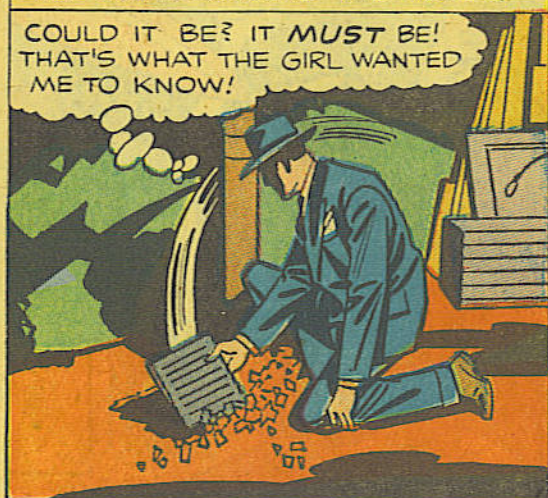
HALE QUICKLY REMOVES THE GRATING...

THERE'S A SPACE AT THE SIDE DOWN
HERE...SOMETHING IN IT... FEELS
LIKE A METAL BOX!



HE USES THE TRAP COVER TO BREAK
THE CEMENT AROUND THE HOLE...

COULD IT BE? IT **MUST** BE!
THAT'S WHAT THE GIRL WANTED
ME TO KNOW!



HALE HAULS UP AN IRON BOX...

BOY! LOOKS
LIKE I'LL HAVE
A SIZZLING
SCOOP FOR
TOMORROW'S
EDITION!



BANK NOTES! THE LOOT FROM THE
MERCANTILE STICK-UP JOB!



SUDDENLY, A SINISTER VOICE BEHIND
HIM BREAKS THE STILLNESS...

STAY STILL, YA
JOIK...AN' PUT
YA HANDS UP!



I DUNNO WHO YA ARE, BUT YA GONNA PUT THAT BOX RIGHT DOWN!

OH, YEAH?



MY GUESS IS YOU'RE BUD HANLON. CAME BACK TO DIG UP THE STICK-UP MONEY...

NEVER MIND THAT! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING HERE TO TELL ANYBODY YOU SAW ME!



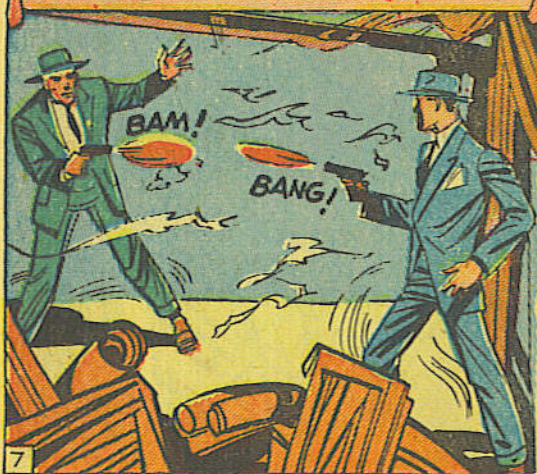
LUCKY THING I'VE GOT A PERMIT TO CARRY A GUN... COMES IN HANDY AT TIMES LIKE THESE!

HALE TENSES AND HURLS THE BOX STRAIGHT AT THE EX-CON...

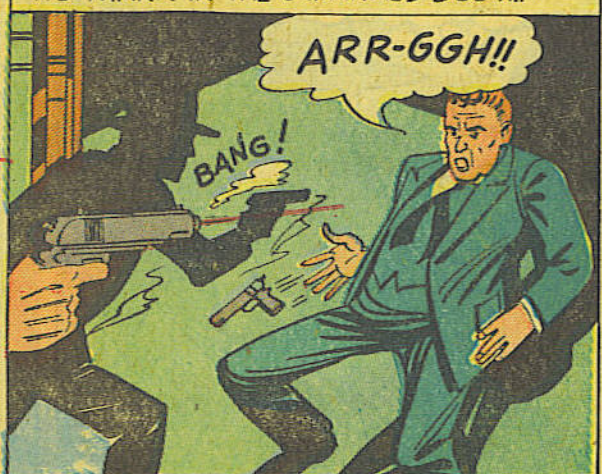
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MUGG!



HALE SWIFTLY DRAWS HIS GUN AND BULLETS SPIT VICIOUSLY ACROSS THE DUSTY OLD CELLAR...



HALE'S SPEED AND MARKSMANSHIP SAVE HIS LIFE AS HIS BULLET FINDS ITS MARK IN THE CRIMINAL'S BODY...

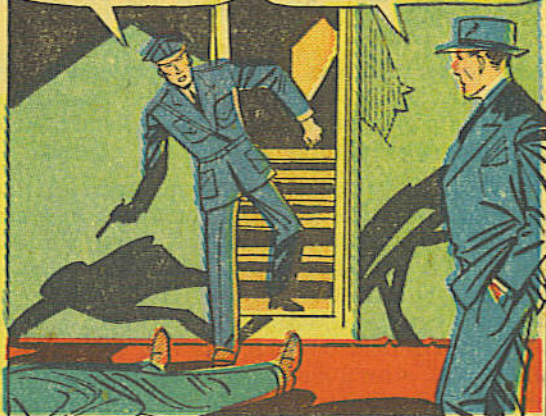


ARR-GGH!!

THE COP ON THE BEAT, HEARING THE SHOTS, COMES TEARING IN...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HELLO, CLANCY! YOU'RE LATE AGAIN.



WADDA YOU MEAN, "LATE"? AT LEAST THIS TIME YOU'VE GOT A **REAL BODY**, SO I'M PINCHIN' YOU FOR **MURDER**, SMART GUY!

TAKE IT EASY, BUDDY. I'M RAY HALE, REPORTER ON THE "**CLARION**". CALL SERGEANT POOLE HERE AND WE'LL CLEAR THIS THING UP RIGHT AWAY.



SOON, THE SERGEANT ARRIVES...

HELLO, HALE, — **HEY...WHAT HAPPENED?** THIS IS HANLON, THE GUY I TOLD YOU ABOUT!

YES...AND HERE'S THE DOUGH FROM THE BANK ROBBERY!



LATER, IN SERGEANT POOLE'S OFFICE...

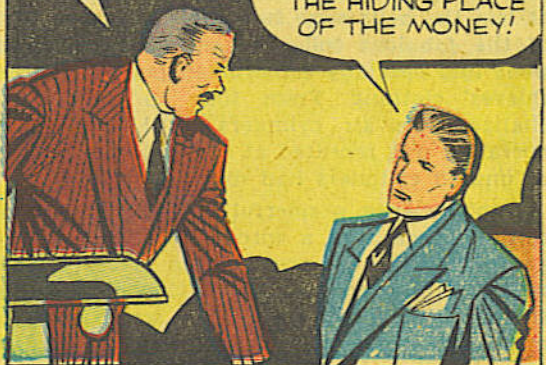
THAT MONEY WAS HIDDEN IN THE **DRAIN** ALL THESE YEARS, SERGEANT.

IT HAS BEEN SENT BACK TO THE BANK. YOU'RE IN FOR A **SIZEABLE REWARD**, HALE.



ONE THING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT, HALE. YOU SAID YOU SAW THAT GIRL...THE **SA ME** GIRL WHO WAS KILLED THERE **EIGHTEEN YEARS** AGO...

I DON'T KNOW EITHER, SERGEANT, BUT SHE **DID** TIP ME OFF TO THE HIDING PLACE OF THE MONEY!



TELL ME HONESTLY, DO YOU THINK IT WAS HER **GHOST**?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE! AFTER ALL, THERE ARE MANY THINGS AROUND US THAT WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND!



READ **HALE'S NEW ADVENTURE** — NEXT ISSUE.

GAIL FORD - GIRL FRIDAY

in "BULLET OF TREACHERY"

POLICE INSPECTOR MADSON, EVER ON THE ALERT TO COMBAT THE FORCES OF EVIL IN A GREAT CITY, ONE MORNING CALLS IN HIS SMART SECRETARY TO DISCUSS A COMPLAINT THAT HAS COME TO HIS OFFICE. SHE LISTENS ATTENTIVELY...

GAIL, WE HAVE A REPORT THAT JEROME BURKE, THE BOOK PUBLISHER, HAS BEEN RECEIVING THREATENING LETTERS. I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK THE SITUATION OVER. HE HAS HIS OFFICE IN AN OLD STUDIO BUILDING DOWNTOWN. SUPPOSE YOU POSE AS AN INTERVIEWER FROM A MAGAZINE AND HAVE A TALK WITH HIM. MAC WILL WAIT OUTSIDE FOR YOU.

OKAY, BOSS, THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN EASY JOB.



GAIL FINDS NO TROUBLE IN GETTING THE PUBLISHER TO TALK OF HIS PROBLEM...

THIS LATEST PUBLICATION OF MINE REVEALS THE HORRIBLE CONDITIONS BEHIND THE "IRON CURTAIN" IN EASTERN EUROPE. IT'S ABOUT AN AMERICAN GIRL WHO IS ON A MERCY MISSION AND HOW SHE BARELY ESCAPES INTO THE AMERICAN ZONE WITH HER LIFE. CERTAIN LEFTISTS WILL SQUAWK THEIR HEADS OFF, BUT I'M GOING TO PUBLISH IT. JUST THE SAME.

THAT'S FINE, WE NEED MORE BOOKS LIKE THAT.



A THIN, SATURNINE MAN ENTERS...

THIS IS SAM TURKIN, MY TOP EDITOR. HE'S PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCHES ON THIS SCRIPT OF THE BOOK. SAM, MEET MISS LANE OF THE "LITERARY NEWS"

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. TURKIN? I THINK YOU HAVE A SWELL BOOK.

HELLO.



BURKE SHOWS GAIL A NOTE...

LOOK AT THIS THREAT I RECEIVED IN THE MAIL ONLY THIS MORNING. BUT THEY CAN'T SCARE ME, COME HELL OR HIGH WATER, NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM PUBLISHING THIS BOOK!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, MR. BURKE!



WHEN BURKE IS NOT LOOKING, GAIL PALMS THE THREAT NOTE -

I THINK I'LL LATCH ONTO THIS NOTE --



GAIL AND TURKIN LEAVE THE OFFICE TOGETHER...

SO LONG, MISS LANE. I'M GOING TO ANOTHER OFFICE DOWN THE HALL.

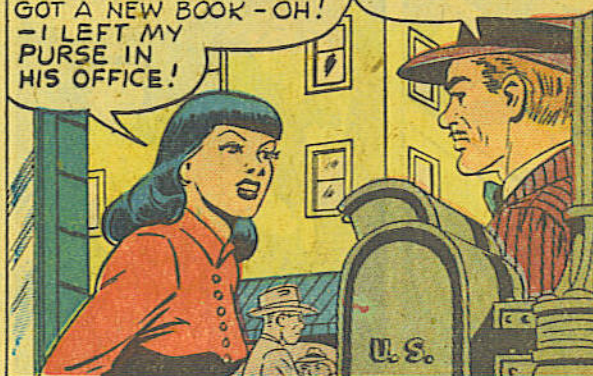
GOOD-BYE, MR. TURKIN.



GAIL GOES TO THE NEAREST STREET CORNER, WHERE SHE MEETS DETECTIVE SERGEANT MCQUADE, ACCORDING TO PLAN...

MAC, IT'S OBVIOUS WHY BURKE'S BEEN GETTING THREAT NOTES. HE'S GOT A NEW BOOK - OH! - I LEFT MY PURSE IN HIS OFFICE!

RUN BACK AND GET IT. I'LL WAIT HERE FOR YOU.



UPON HER RETURN, GAIL FINDS THE RECEPTION ROOM DESERTED...

NOBODY HERE - I GUESS EVERYBODY'S OUT TO LUNCH. I'LL GO IN AND GET MY BAG.



BUT -

AS GAIL OPENS THE DOOR TO THE PUBLISHER'S PRIVATE OFFICE, A GHASTLY SIGHT CONFRONTS HER STARTLED EYES!



TWO OF THE EMPLOYEES COME IN...

HEY - WHAT'S THIS? MR. BURKE! HE'S BEEN MURDERED! HEY, JOE, CALL THE COPS QUICK! AND I'LL GRAB THIS DAME. SHE PROBABLY DID IT.

DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY - AND I DIDN'T KILL HIM.



SHORTLY, THE COPS, INCLUDING MAC, ARE AT THE SCENE OF THE MURDER...

THIS GUY IS DEAD AS PICKLED EELS. HE WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

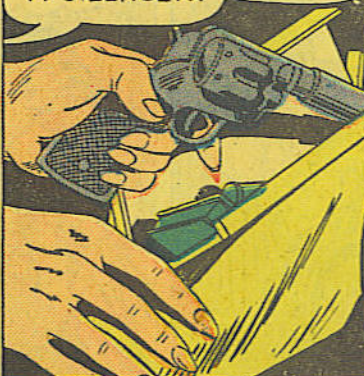
WHAT HAPPENED, GAIL?



AS YOU KNOW, I CAME BACK FOR MY BAG. BUT WHEN I GOT HERE, HE WAS ON THE FLOOR.

GAIL OPENS HER BAG AND FINDS...

MAC! - LOOK - A GUN! AND YOU KNOW I NEVER CARRY ANY. THIS ONE HAS A SILENCER.



MAC BREAKS THE GUN...

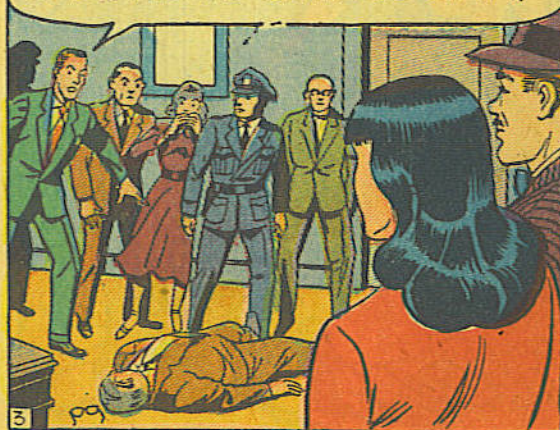
ONE SHOT FIRED. MUST BE THE ONE THAT KILLED THIS BIRD.

BUT HOW DID IT GET IN MY BAG?



TURKIN, THE EDITOR, RUSHES IN...

WHAT'S THE MATTER? MR. BURKE - HE'S DEAD! NOW THERE'LL BE NO BOOK... AND ALL THE WORK I DID ON IT!!



THEN THEY DISCOVER THAT THE SCRIPT OF THE BOOK IS MISSING...

BY THE WAY, WHERE'S THE MANUSCRIPT OF THAT NEW BOOK?

MR. BURKE HAD IT WHEN WE LEFT HIM.



BUT A THOROUGH SEARCH DISCLOSES NO SIGN OF THE MISSING MANUSCRIPT...



THAT GIRL SHOT HIM! SEARCH HER FOR THE GUN!

WE ALREADY HAVE THE GUN. AFTER WE LEFT, THE KILLER CAME IN AND SHOT BURKE, THEN PLANTED THE GUN IN MY PURSE TO THROW SUSPICION ON ME.



SEE THIS NOTE? IT'S THE ONE BURKE RECEIVED, WARNING HIM NOT TO PUBLISH HIS BOOK.

SO WHAT?



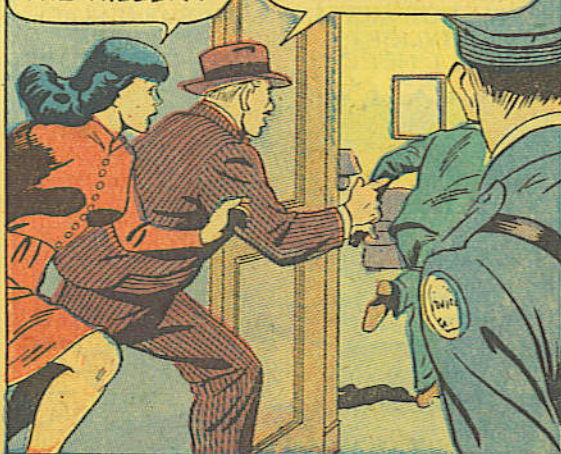
THE KILLER REMEMBERED THAT HE WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO TYPE THE NOTE ON THE SAME TYPEWRITER AS HE HAD USED FOR THE SCRIPT THAT HE HAD JUST DELIVERED TO BURKE, SO HE STOLE THE SCRIPT AND SCRAMMED.



SUDDENLY, THE EDITOR MAKES A BREAK...

THERE GOES THE KILLER!

STOP HIM!



TURKIN DASHES THROUGH THE CORRIDORS...

HEY, YOU -

HE WON'T GET FAR.



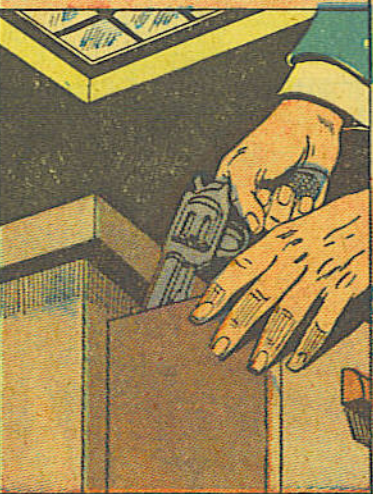
TURKIN DUCKS INTO ONE OF THE OFFICES ...



ONCE INSIDE, HE LOCKS THE DOOR, AND ...



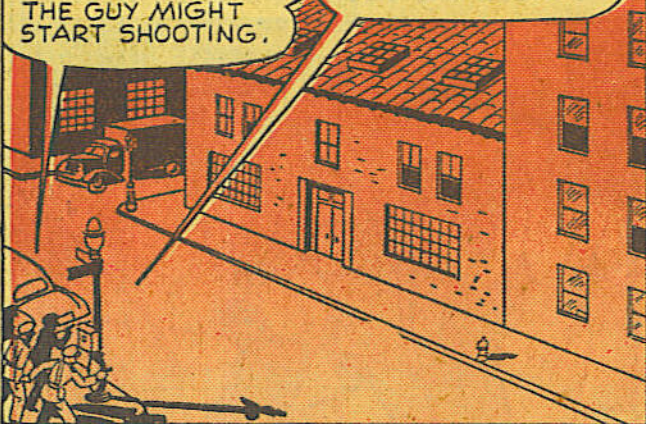
SNATCHES A REVOLVER FROM HIS DESK DRAWER ...



MEANWHILE, IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING, POLICE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE ...

THAT'S THE PLACE, BOYS. KEEP DOWN - THE GUY MIGHT START SHOOTING.

WATCH THE SECOND FLOOR WINDOWS!



TURKIN DOES OPEN FIRE ...

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME, YOU DIRTY CAPITALISTS!



KEEP UNDER COVER, AND NAIL THAT KILLER IN THE WINDOW, DENNIS, GET THE TEAR GAS BOMBS.

OKAY, SARGE.



BUT, BACK OF THE OLD BUILDING, GAIL HAS OTHER IDEAS ...

I'D LIKE TO TAKE THAT BIRD ALIVE, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, THIS OLD PLACE HAS SKYLIGHTS. THIS BRICK IS JUST WHAT I NEED.



GAIL CLIMBS UP THE LADDER OF THE REAR FIRE-ESCAPE ...



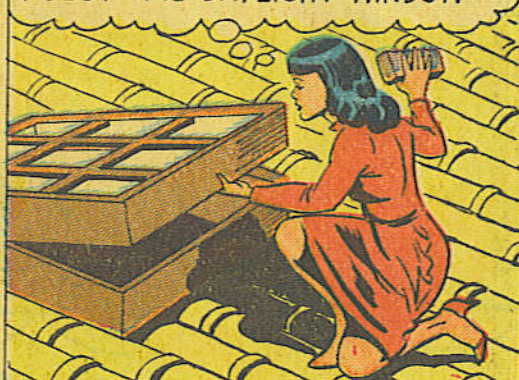
SHE CLAMBERS UPON THE ROOF ...

HOPE THEY HAVEN'T PLUGGED HIM YET-



SHE THEN CREEPS TO THE OLD STUDIO WINDOW IN THE ROOF ...

I BET THAT DOPE FORGOT ALL ABOUT THIS SKYLIGHT WINDOW -



THE WELL-AIMED BRICK DOES THE TRICK ...



THEN THE POLICE SWARM IN ...

HERE'S THE MANUSCRIPT. HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DESTROY IT. I NOTICED THE TYPE WHEN BURKE SHOWED US THE NOTE AND THE SCRIPT IN HIS OFFICE TODAY. COMPARE THE TWO, LOOK AT THAT "E".



THIS PROVES THEY WERE TYPED ON THE SAME MACHINE. TURKIN IS THE KILLER, ALL RIGHT.

Mary carefully picked up the rubble of desolation and took it to the house where she lived. On the way, she noticed a car going toward the park end of the street. Mary was trembling as she

THIS GUY IS ONE OF THE CROWD OF SUBVERSIVES WHO INFEST SO MANY BUSINESSES. HE WORKED HERE, BUT HE HAD NO INTENTION OF LETTING THIS BOOK GET PUBLISHED.

WELL, HE'LL BE ONE LESS WHEN THE HOT SEAT GETS HIM.



We mean business. Either you drop the projected book or you drop the man. This is your choice. Disregard it, you will regret it. + your obstinacy.

WELL, DEAR READERS, WE HOPE YOU'VE LIKED THIS ISSUE OF "CRIME SMASHERS". DROP US A LINE AND TELL US YOUR COMMENTS, CRITICISMS OR SUGGESTIONS ...